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THE CARNIVAL:

A Comedy.

As it was Acted at the *Theatre Royal*,
By His Majesties Servants.

Written by

THO. PORTER, Esq;

LONDON,

for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at the Sign of the *Anchor* in the Lower-of the *New-Exchange*. 1664.

The Actors Names.

Don Ferdinando, Betrothed to *Beatrice*.
Don Alvaredo, Brother to *Beatrice*.
Don Felices, a wild Fellow, Brother to *Ferdinando*.
Don Lorenzo, Half-Uncle to *Alvaredo*.
Don Antonio, Half-Brother to *Elvira*.

Offorio, Servant to *Alvaredo*.
Pedro, Servant to *Ferdinando*.
Bartolo, Servant to *Lorenzo*.
Sancho, a fantaſtick Clown.
Three Thieves.
Bianca.
Coach-man.
Donna Beatrice, *Donna Miranda*, } Siſters to *Alvaredo*.
Donna Elvira, Miſtreſs to *Alvaredo*.
Quintagona, Governanto to *Beatrice* and *Miranda*.
Boys.

149.471 May. 1673

The Scene *SEVIL*.

THE CARNIVAL.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter *Ferdinando*, *Beatrice*, at a low Window.

Ferd. PEdro, ſtay you there:
And whiſtle if any chance to paſs this way:
Let me not be ſurpriz'd I charge you.
Hem! *Beatrice*! my Life! Hem!
Bea. Hem! ſoftly: I come. [*Opens the door: Enters.*
Fer. Now all the bleſſings of Auſpicious Heaven
Fall on ſo beauteous and ſo kind a Miſtreſs!
Bea. I now muſt owne this as my duty, Sir;
And yet I will confeſs,
That Love does prompt me to it with a joy
As great as yours.
Fer. Still kinder! and I moſt happy!
Bea. But you did promiſe me, the other night,
You would prefix a time wherein my Brother
Should be acquainted with all what has paſt;
It were not kind to doubt his Love,
And keep him (in it) longer ignorant.
Fer. My faireſt *Beatrice*, I'le tell you why
I hitherto have kept it from him:
That you and I are now made ſure

I ſtill ſhall thank your mercy for that goodneſs;
But he's unſatisfied in his affections,
Sad with deſpairing Love is froward grown,
Brooks no diſcourſe but what tends to his Cure.
If I can ſerve him in his buſineſs ought
I then make ſure of him too;
And I would fain remove all poſſibilities
Of Letts to my moſt wiſh'd Adventure here.

Bea. And has he, Sir, implor'd your help?

Fer. 'A has, to wait upon him as a friend,
And to ſecure his walks by night.
She is the Siſter to a man of Quality,
Though he be abſent now, imploy'd about
Some buſineſs in his Charge of *Barcelona*:
Her kindred being of the greateſt Rank
May boggle at the leaſt of Gallantry
To this young Lady without his admittance.

Bea. You have not yet ſeen her?

Fer. No; but this time of *Carnival*
Allows more freedom then all the year beſides:
And in a Maſque we are reſolv'd to ſee
The Saint your Brother prays to.

Bea. But my *Fernando* tell me when———

Pedro within. Pheu! Pheu!

Fer. Be gone, be gone my Soul, [*Exit* Beatrice.
Here comes Company.
Who are they, *Pedro*? [*Enter* Pedro.

Pedro. Don *Alvaredo*, with your Brother, Sir.

Fer. O! walk as if you came from his houſe.

Enter Alvaredo, Felices.

Welcome, dear friend, I had ſent my Man
To ſee if you were at home.

Alva. 'Twas thither I was going; I juſt now ſent my Servant
To deſire you would come to me.

Fer. I'm glad my Fates have brought me to your wiſhes.
O Brother! 'tis a wonder to meet you:

How

How do you imploy your time?
Ha? merry ſtill! what device now on foot?
Feli. Any to be doing,
Except making Love at Churches;
For there a man is bound at leaſt
To a ſerious look, (and that I hate)
Turning up the whites of your Eyes
Look more preciſe then a Dutch Puritan,
Or play tricks with your fingers
To tell the hour of viſitation:
When the poor vulgar think
You thereby count your *Ave-Maries*,
Having forgotten your *Roſario*.
Out on't! what a damn'd Device
To cloath Dame *Venus* in ſackcloth!
Alva. Well, Gallant, would I had thy mirth,
And thou my Love.
Feli. So would I, if ſhe be handſome.
Alva. Nay, I mean the Paſſion I have for her,
Not her Perſon, Sir.
Feli. O bezo les Manos Signior; I thank you for nothing:
But marry, prithee marry;
And to pleaſe you I will be in love with your wife,
Or any mans wife in Chriſtendom that deſires it:
And then we'l ſee what will come on't.
Ferd. Why what will come on't think'ſt thou? (ſhould be.
Feli. Children, brave luſty Children, if ſhe be but kind as ſhe
Alva. Away Madcap; come let's in, Friend, I muſt now implore
Your help and counſel. *Exeunt.*

Enter Quintagona *and* Miranda.

Quin. Come, come, I muſt not have you ſo inquiſitive.
Mir. Well, if I do not ſerve ye both a trick---
What, do ye think becauſe I'm young
I cannot keep counſel?
Quin. What counſel? what counſel?
I'de have you to know I'm no Counſel-keeper.

Mir. Nay, on my Conſcience, I do believe thee, Nurſe.
Quin. You do ſo; well, well,
God ſend all Proverbs prove not true.
Mir. Prithee what Proverbs, Nurſe?
Quin. E'en one I have often heard.
Mir. Come out with't, out with't, good Nurſe.
Quin. Marry I have heard them ſay,
Soon Ripe ſoon Rotten:
God bleſs thee, and ſend thee grace.
Mir. And thee wit.

Enter Felices.

Feli. O have I caught ye?
Mir. A Rape! Nurſe, a Rape!
Run for the *Alquazil*,
He's a grave man, and will do women juſtice.
Feli. I, run, Nurſe, run,
Your young Miſtreſs may be undone;
Is this your diligence?
Quin. Well Gallants, well,
Thus muſt I be abus'd and jeer'd:
I wonder what the Devil was in my Maſters mind
To give you leave to uſe his Siſter ſo;
He thinks ſhe's young, but if he knew her
As well as I, he would truſt her no farther then
He could throw a Milſtone.
Fel. Do you remember, Nurſe,
When you took away my young Miſtreſs from me,
And were, forſooth, ſo ſcrupulous.
Quin. I, I, but ſhe is grown half an inch ſince.
Feli. How good Nurſe! how doſt thou mean?
Quin. Away you wag, I mean no harm.
Feli. Nor I truly, Nurſe;
But remember ſtill as I told you.
Quin. What ſhould I remember?
Feli. Why, how you were call'd:
I'le but repeat his words.

Quin.

Quin. Nay, nay, good Sir, let it alone;
I'm sure my heart has been ready to break ever since.
Mir. Alas poor heart!
Pray Signior *Felices* rub not old sores;
She'll fall into a fit of the Mother.
Feli. A fit of the Grandmother you mean, ha, ha, ha.
Mir. Ha, ha, ha, ha! O Donna *Quintagona!*
Feli. O Donna *Quintagona!*
Mir.Feli. Cheri chink, cheri chink, cheri chink, tery chink chink.
Quin. I'le not stay to be abus'd thus. [*Exit running.*

[*Exeunt laughing and singing,* Miranda, Felices.

Enter Sancho.

San. Vizards I have got, and all the tricks and devices
Necessary for our Gambals; troth I have
A great mind to practise here a little
Upon these City Gallants; fools I'm sure they
Are as well as we, only dress better, and
Keep their gravity more; for the first learned
Counsel a Mother gives the Don her child,
Though but of two years old, is, *Guarda la*
Gravidad. Hi, hi, hi, hi! Here's your fools face, [*puts on a vizard.*
And here's your Don's: [*looks fantastically, blowing up his cheeks.*
Pray which is better, to play the fool well,
Or to dissemble the wise man,
And be an errant Cockscomb here? [*Shews his head.*
Why I have seen the Lord of our Village,
When he has been ask'd what a Clock 'tis,
Look on the Meddal of his *Rosario*, (as if
That could direct him;) and durst not (as
We do) look in the Sun; for that dazling
Of him makes him grin, and then,
Boutoua Crispo, a looses his Gravity.

Enter Offorio *running.*

Offo. Why *Pedro! Pedro!* come away Man!
San. I do, d'ye hear? pox, how a stays!

Offo.

Offo. Why, what are you, friend?
San. One of Gods making, and his own undoing.
Offo. Prithee about thy buſineſs.
Sancho. So I am. Oh! in good time. [*Enter* Pedro.
Pedro. *Bezo los Manos.*
San. Hi, hi, hi, hi!
Pedro. Offorio, what a Devil ails this fellow?
Offor. He's mad I think; what Trade art of?
San. A Giber, ſweet Gentlemen.
Offor. Why then about thy buſineſs, I ſay again;
For we are not for thy Turn.
San. The propereſt men in *Sevil.*
Offo. Nay, that we are not neither;
My Friend *Pedro* is not tall by any means.
San. O *Signior*, I meant it not in that ſenſe.
Pedro. How then?
San. Pray, Gentlemen, what's likeſt a Horſe and
Is no Horſe?
Pedro. Oh I can anſwer that, I read it in a Book
T'other day; 'tis a Mare, friend.
Sancho. Troth and that's true; but I thought
Ye would have anſwered, an Aſs.
Offo. Well, come, ſuppoſe I anſwer ſo.
San. Why then, Gentlemen, you come much
Nearer my Conceit;
For you two are as like one another
As one Aſs can be to t'other. Hi, hi, hi!
Offo. You Rogue, if I light on you---- [*Exit.*
Pedro. What a Raſcall's this! But come,
Our Maſter ſtays for us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Alvaredo, Ferdinando, Felices.

Alva. I have her leave this night;
And yet I fear this favour may all turn
To my undoing.
Ferdi. She cannot have ſo much of Marble
'Bout her heart;

Or

Or indeed, why ſhould ſhe grant you this,
Without ſhe meant it kind ?
Alva. She bad me bring a friend with me,
And he ſhould judge between us of our Caſe ;
Nay ſhe will freely there confeſs (ſhe ſays)
That her denial does not ſpring from hate ;
For ſhe has ſo much Juſtneſs in her Nature,
To ſee that all the Actions of my Life
Are bent to court the honour of her Love :
And yet I fear ſhee'l never underſtand
An Argument ſo much to my advantage
As may confute her of her too much Coldneſs.
Feli. This needs muſt be your fault:
Talk of a womans Coldneſs !
Why who ſhould warm the poor Wretches
But we ? we who are the ſprightly active Animals,
And they the phlegmatick paſſive,
Sweet or not ſweet,
Leering or lowring viſible Creatures.
Fer. Peace, prithee, Brother, peace:
For ſhame ſhew not your mirth
When your poor friend lays open thus his wounds.
Alva. Nay, let him talk ;
I could wiſh that I could talk ſo too :
It moveth not my Anger but my Envy,
To ſee him in ſo much a better ſtate.
Stay here, we're near the houſe.
Come friend, now thou ſhalt ſee if I have
Cauſe to mourn,
That can behold the Joys of Heaven
Wrapt in Hells chiefeſt Torment, black Deſpair.
Fer. I hope your Love, like Children in the dark,
Fancies the Bugbear you ſhall never ſee.
Brother, pray ſtay, and ſee that none come up this
Street till we are entred ; I'le call upon you here.
Feli. Well, Gallants, remember ye owe me a watching.
Pedro ! *Oſſorio* ! are not you two ſtout enough
To keep this Streets end ? I'le go but hard by,

And be back again before they come forth.

Osso. O Lord! Sir, your Brother will take it unkindly.

Pedro. Indeed, Sir, my Master will wonder if he hears on't.

Feli. And I should wonder if he did not hear on't,
As long as such a Tadpole, Rascally, Gurmudgeonly
Whelp as thou know'st it: Sirrah do you remember
The fright you put me and my poor Whore in
At your Masters house, you Rogue? I got the
Whole truth out of him; and I yet owe thee
A beating for't, and now I have nothing
Else to do I will pay my debts.

Pedro. Hold, Sir, for Heavens sake hold:
Here comes Company. [*Enter* Sancho.

San. Oh cry you mercy, Sir!
I find you were busie: pray, Sir,
Let not my presence put any constraint
Upon your humour; but kick him again
Soundly; and that Fellow too, if your Worship
Pleases: you have my leave freely.

Feli. Your leave, Rascal!

San. Yes my leave, Sir:
Why, I can give any body leave to kick me
If I please.

Feli. I am one of those never ask it, [*kicks him.*
Especially of such sawcy Companions.

San. Oh, your humble servant, Sir:
Pray no farther; 'tis too much honour
I assure you, Sir.

Osso. This is the Rogue that jeer'd us to day.

Pedro. I, I, peace, peace, man:
The young Signior's blown;
How a pants!

Feli. This is the pleasantest Rogue that e're I
Met with----

Sancho within. Help! help! murther! murther!

Feli. Ha, what's that? let's go see.

San. No help? good people help, help.

Feli. Come fellows, this way the Cry is. [*Exeunt all drawn.*

Enter

Enter *Sancho*. This way Gentlemen I'm. [*Exit.*
Enter *Feli.&c.* Where art thou? sure 'tis some Ghost.
Peeps in *Sancho*. Hi, hi, hi, hi!
Pedro. 'Tis that Rogue jeers us.
Feli. If I can but catch you---- [*Exeunt all running.*

The Scene changes to a Parlour.

Enter Alvaredo, Ferdinando, Elvira.

Alva. But, Madam, must I never hope for more then this?
Elvi. Pray ask this Gentleman
If I ha'nt dealt most like a friend,
That's plainly, with you, Sir:
The Laws of Gratitude make me deny
To tye a woman to you, when her heart
Is so averse to what you now desire.
Alva. Strange Paradoxes these, that out of Love
You will deny me what I most esteem!
Well, Madam, I will leave you,
Never to see the world again:
I'le be your Beadsman, since I am deny'd
To be your Lover.
Fer. Stay Friend.
Madam, can any thing so fair
Have so much Cruelty!
Look with the Eyes of Justice on his Merits,
You'l find so rich a Jewel worth your Care.
Elvi. As which, good Sir?
Fer. As yonder Gentleman you so afflict:
And let me freely tell you, Madam,
'Tis peevishness,
Which is as far from Virtue———
Elvi. As you from Charity,
To chide me for a fault
That you your self are cause of.
Alva. Come friend, there is no remedy.
Fer. Stay, I will have two words more.

Elvi. No, go with him;
But if you will return alone,
I'le tell you freely what you long to know. [*Exit.*
Fer. Ha, I understand you——
Come, dearest Friend, remember 'tis a woman;
Not worth the trouble of a gallant man;
Think on their follies and their weakness,
The scarcity of good ones in the Sex;
The danger you had run in the great plenty
Of evil, cunning, self-will'd, hair-brain'd women:
And all these put together,
Thus I would part with Love, [*puffs.*
And tread the Earth in liberty again.
Alva. And thus would I advise a Friend to do:
But did you know the Passion I had for her,
How vain you would esteem all such advice!
And guess the world should reel beyond its Orbe,
And mix in great Confusion with some Star,
Ere I should leave to love the fair *Elvira*,
Mistress of all my Love and all my Hopes.
Fer. Nay, rather term her, Sir,
Mistress of all the Cruelty and Scorn
A wilful woman ever yet did owne.
Why should man lose his Birthright, and proclaim
Himself a servant to a peevish Sex,
That from the first was meant a slave
To all his will and pleasures?
Alva. Peace, Heretick! it were a sin to hear thee.
'Twas force that first made Laws to be obey'd;
And that's the only priviledge that we
Can claim above those beauteous Creatures.
Was the poor Lamb created for the use
Of wrongful, theevish, and of Ravenous Wolves?
Or was the Constant Turtle only fram'd
To be the Quarry of a Tyrant Hawk?
These have our Plea, and had they industry
Would frame as Rigid Laws as we;
For all were not so strong.

Fer.

Ferd. And it were juſtice they ſhould be obey'd.
Alva. How much of baſeneſs then muſt all we owne,
That ſtoop and bow in ſuch humility,
And treaſonably court them from their ſtrength,
Which being Maſters of, we then proclaim
And uſe our uſurp'd priviledge?
Fer. Heyda, a womans Orator!
Pray heaven your Fee
Anſwers your Eloquence.
Alva. I care not, the fault ſhall all be hers:
But come, dear Friend, I ſwear I am not well.
Fer. Here I did leave my Brother. Ha! Brother! Pheu!
Alva. No matter, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Felices, *leading in* Sancho *by the hair*; Oſſorio, Pedro.

Feli. Oh Rogue! have I caught you?
San. No.
Feli. Sure I have.
San. Why did ye ask the queſtion then?
Feli. A Wit too!
San. The people of our Village think me one.
[*Pheu within.*] *Pedro.* Yonder's my Maſter.
Feli. Go, get ye both gone, I'le follow ſtraight. [*Ex.* Oſſo. Ped.
Sirrah, what bundle of Trumpery
Have you got here?
San. Why, I hope you will not rob me.
Feli. Rob thee, hang thee, what is't?
San. Why, Sir, I was employ'd Deputy from
Our Village for Vizards and fools Bawbles:
You know to morrow is our *Carnival.*
Feli. A pleaſant Rogue this: Sirrah, wilt thou ſerve
Me, I'le pay thee well; and I'le go down
With more Company to thy Village?
San. Yes; I think we ſhall be well met:
Like maſter like man.
Feli. Come then, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Ferdinando, Pedro.

Fer. If ever thou beeſt ask'd which way I went,
Say home, directly home.
Ped. I ſhall, Sir.
Fer. And thither go you now;
But if my Brother ſhould come home before me,
As he do's ſeldom uſe,
Say you have miſt me, know not where I am.
Ped. I ſhall not fail in ought. [*Exit* Pedro.
Fer. What ſhould this woman mean?
She ſaid I was the cauſe of his repulſe;
Nay, ſhe did urge that he ſhould bring me thither,
I've ſeen her often at the Church with him,
And ſhe is fair, moſt Excellently fair;
But all the while that he diſcours'd with her,
My thought the moving Language of her Eyes
Did ſeem to tell me, had I been the man
That did implore her mercy, ſhe had then
Not been ſo cruel. ---
Here is the houſe I hope ſhe doth Expect me: [*Knocks ſoftly at the Window.*
Within. Who's there? [*Enter* Elvira.
Fer. 'Tis I, I parted juſt now hence.
Elv. You'r wellcome, Sir,
Yet did I not expect you would return ſo ſoon.
Fer. 'Twere diſobedience, did I but prolong
The leaſt of your Commands, and that's a Crime
I never would forgive my ſelf.
Elv. And I can hardly be induc'd
To grant a pardon to my fooliſh ſelf
That now commit a fault
'Gainſt Womens Honour, and faire Modeſty.
Fer. 'Twere ſo; did you permit this favour to a man
That brought not all the reverence and reſpect
So fair a preſence merits;
But you are ſafe from ſcandal,
Relying on the ſtrength of my diſcretion,

Farewell

Farewell all honesty; I am o'recome, [*Aside*
And am too weak too struggle 'gainst such Charms.
Elv. I hope your fair construction will admit
No thoughts are tending to my prejudice:
You seem'd to think I was unreasonable
In the denying *Alvaredo*'s Love:
He is a Gentleman I much Esteem,
But when he talks of Love, I lose all that,
And almost grow to hate what I esteem'd.
Fer. Madam, 'tis true,
Love is a thing that cannot be constrain'd,
And if a heart not yieldeth of it's self,
All force and stratagems are vain.
Elv. You speak most learnedly of a subject
I thought you had been ignorant in.
Fer. As well you may deem him a cold
That's in a Calenture,
Or him that faints and melts away
Under the Torrid Zone;
Those beauteous eyes can thaw a heart,
And make an Anchorite knowing in this Art.
Elv. Yet would he want this Eloquence
Without some practice.
I doubt I am not, Sir, the first
That you have strove to flatter from themselves.
Fer. But when that doubt shall be remov'd.
Elv. I can but thank yee for your complement.
Fer. Why will ye term it so?
Here shall I swear. [*Kneels.*
Elv. Hold, Sir, you go too far,
A Gallant yet did never want an Oath
For the undoing of a harmless Maid;
But grant I knew 'twere true,
What could you then Expect in Recompence?
Fer. Nothing; for 'tis your due,
And what you e're shall grant of Love
I will call Charity; meer mercy to your Creature;
Nor will I trouble yee with tedious talk

How

How much I love and honour your fair beauty,
Since where the truth is cleer,
And in your power by any ſtrict Command
To put me to the teſt,
All circumſtance is Needleſs;
For, Madam, as I cannot live without yee
So I dare die, to ſhew how much I lov'd yee,
Elv. That were a teſtimony I'le never claime,
No live, and live to let me ſee your Love,
That is the firſt command I'le lay upon you.
Fer. Proceed, dear Madam. [*Takes her in his Arms; ſhe puts*
Elv. The next, and chiefly wherein I conjure ye [*him away.*
By all the vertue, faith, and honour in yee,
You ne're miſconſter this my eaſineſs,
Nor ever uſe a priviledge, or make an offer
To what may cauſe a bluſh.
Were the whole world our witneſs,
In recompence I'll promiſe to be kind,
And what my honour will permit, I'll grant.
Fer. And by that tie I'll claim it;
Can ye vouchſafe a promiſe to be mine?
Your Brothers abſence, and this fitteſt time
Do's prompt us not to ſlip it.
Elv. I dare believe yee, Sir.
Find you the means,
And I'll not fooliſhly pretend to know
Nothing of what I've given you cauſe to hope.
Fer. To morrow then I'll ſee you,
And bring a man ſhall ſo unite us,
Never to be parted:
The Streets are full of Gambols and of Tricks,
We ſhall not be obſerv'd.
Elv. Farewell, Sir, 'tis late,
And let my love preſerve the title ever,
That you to night have given it in your heart.
Fer. Let all the bleſſings Heaven has yet in ſtore
Fall on my fair and kind *Elvira*'s head.

ACTUS.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Antonio, *with a* Guittar *playing*; *to him* Felices, Sancho.

Fel. WHither away, dear friend; not know me?
Ant. *Felices*, wellcome, wellcome, faith, ſo early up! 'tis
Scarce day, being up at play all night
I was going to *Julianas* lodging.
Fel. What, to play the Fidler under a whores Window!
Ant. Away fool, 'tis the onely ornament of a melancholly
Lover, one that doats infinitely on all Women,
And cares not a ruſh for any one in particular:
A whore! why, hadſt thou ever a Miſtris thou didſt
Not wiſh to be ſo? then I have this
Advantage, mine's made one to my hand.
Prythee what fellow's that?
Fel. Oh, an excellent Rogue I have pick'd up.
San. Yes, Sir, one that was made ſo to his hand.
Fel. Come, come, prythee, let me go with thee,
Her maid will ſerve my turn, or any thing
That's Woman, I onely love the converſation of
The Sex, no harm in me.
San. Yes, Signior, you may truſt my maſter,
And for my ſelf, I can do yee prime ſervice,
And ſleep (if occaſion ſerve) upon the ſtairs
Like a Statue half erected, or one whoſe props
Are warp'd, and ſo inclineth to the Centre backwards:
There's a Term you underſtand not.
Ant. Away ye Rogue;
Come here's the houſe, lets in.
Fel. No, wee'll give the Donazellas
A Serenade firſt:
Sirrah, have ye no Caſtinets?

San. Yes Sir, here; pray give leave to keep time too
With this Inſtrument.

Ant. What, a Grid-iron?

San. I'll warrant you, ſhall be as good Muſick
As any in *Sevil.*

Antonio Sings, they Play the Chorus ſtill altogether.

Look out, for ſhame look out,
And put your Lover out of Doubt,
That thinks the Sun has loſt his light,
And that you run his Courſe to night.

Chorus Play'd.

Look out, for ſhame look out,
And put your Lover out of doubt,
That elſe may think he has loſt his way,
When not enlightned by your day.

San. Heer's ſtuff;
Nay, play on, play on, Sir, I can ſing
More to this Tune.

Sancho Sings.

Look out, for ſhame look out,
And put your Lover out of doubt,
Who's heart ſuſteins a cruel load,
Becauſe he thinks your gon abroad.

Look out, for ſhame look out,
And put your lovers out of doubt,
Who elſe would leave to Bawle and ſing,
But that they think you are within.

Fel. *Look out, for shame look out,*
And show to us thy dainty Snout,
Rather then wander in the Street, [*Bursts open the door with his foot and Enters.*
Thus Doors we open with our feet.

San. That was not so Amorous now ; [*A noise of Women within.*
Ant. Nay, nay, let's go in playing.
Enter. Fel. Fly, fly, the Enemy, the Enemy.
Draws. *Ant.* What's the matter, man?
San. Sir, I'll run for help ;
But if I come again. [*Exit* Sancho.
Fel. Oh, Signior, six tall Whores able to Devour
A Regiment, O my Kidneys melt to think on't !
Why, I had rather fight with twelve the best
Men in *Sevil*, O *Diabolo*, Rampant, rampant.
Ant. Why, dost think Women can hurt us ?
Fel. I, I, much more then men ;
Why, they all leap'd about me like Fairies,
And smothered me with kisses ;
Besides, I spy'd one I have promis'd a new Gown too
This half year.
Ant. Prythee, come in, *Felices.*
Fel. Not I, one at once, were she the Devil, I durst
Meet with ; what charge a file of Whores !
Ant. Come, I'll not leave thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Signior Lorenzo, *and* Bartolo.

Lor. What hour of the morning thinks thou 'tis ?
Bar. 'Tis very early, Sir.
Lor. And hast thou been abroad ?
Bar. I have, Sir.
Ler. Return'd so soon ?
You have expres't much Care ;
But have you well perus'd the Markets, *Bartolo*,
And 'tane a special note of what was good ?

Bar. I have, Sir.

Lor. Truly, I hope thou haſt; for I have ever found thee
Virtuouſly inclin'd: I have ſome Company muſt
Sup with me, friends, *Bartolo*, my worthy friends,
And I would not have them think me or
Thee ſo ignorant, but that we can chuſe
The beſt of every thing.

Bar. I hope ſo, Sir, elſe I had ill imploy'd my time.

Lor. But to the point, good *Bartolo*,
What didſt thou ſee, prithee, let me hear thee?
A ſtool there, boy; theſe Rogues Eat, and Eat,
And never mind their waiting; ſome water
For my hands there; troth, *Bartolo*, I have had
An ill night on't, thou put'ſt too much Garlick in
Thy ſawces: [*Belches*] And yet I think 'tis good
Againſt the wind.

Bar. I can aſſure ye, Signior,
I have lick'd my fingers in your Lordſhips diſh this thirty years,
Yet can I boldly ſay, I never was bleſt with a juſter
Hand, then laſt night, in all the ſeaſonings.

Lor. Nay, nay, I do not blame thee much,
May be it do's proceed from Melancholly:
There was a damn'd Colonel ſupp'd laſt night with me,
Cut up ſome ſix Pyes he never taſted of,
And fill'd the Wine himſelf, diſliking what was fill'd him,
And out of what Bottle think'ſt thou man?

Bar. Not out of that mark'd with L.

Lor. Yes, the ſame, the very ſame, good *Bartolo*.

Bar. O Monſtrous, I never heard of ſuch an inſolence!

Lor. But I have thought of a ſafer means, hereafter
I'll have thee wait at the Table, and my Wine
Kept, ſo as no body but may ſearch the
Bottles at the Cup-board, yet never finde
The change was put upon them:
The rareſt conveyance, *Bartolo*,
I learn'd it of a wiſe *Venetian*, in my travels of *Italy*.

Bar. And truly, my Lord, that is a ſubtle Nation.

Lor. It is ſo, for I have ſtudied much their way and manners.

Bar.

Bar. But pray, my Lord, how is this Wine to be convey'd ?
Lor. I will prepare thee for it againſt night ;
This Water is not from the fountain, Sirra, [*Brings in Water.*
But from the River, I ſuſpect.
Page. Indeed, my Lord, it comes from both.
Lor. Nay, then 'tis well, a little of all do's well, ha, *Bartolo.*
Bar. It do's ſo, my Lord.
Lor. What a Clock is it now; ſay you ?
Bar. The Sun's an hour high.
Lor. S'death, and thou haſt not told me yet
What's in the Market, *Bartolo.*
Bar. Pleaſe you, my Lord, to take your Pen in hand.
Lor. Begin, I have written *in Primis.*
Bar. For Butchers meat, the time of the year
Will eaſily let your Lordſhip gueſs what it is.
Lor. True, *Bartolo*, proceed to Fowl, and ſome Fiſh.
Bar. Shall I begin with Fiſh, or Fowl ?
Lor. With Fiſh, good *Bartolo*, with Fiſh.
Bar. Why, then my Lord I muſt aſſure you, I never ſaw
The Market better fill'd ; for there was of the choiceſt
Store, but dear, extreamly dear.
Lor. That's wonderful,
For ſtore (they ſay) is no ſore ;
But dearneſs is a ſore, nay, a great one, *Bartolo*,
It pales the appetite.
Bar. It do's ſo, my Lord.
Lor. But to the particulars, good *Bartolo.*
Bar. A brave Cods head.
Lor. A Cods head, man ?
Bar. Yes, my Lord, a Cods head.
Lor. Prythee let me hear that again good *Bartolo.*
Bar. Why, a brave Cods head.
Lor. So ſoon! why, by my account it ſhould not be
Theſe five days yet in ſeaſon ;
But prythee on, where is this Cods head?
Bar. In the Governours Kitchin by this time.
Lor. Yee Rogue, yee lie ;
In the Governours Kitchin ? They know not how to

Dreſs

Dreſs it; the Heavens would never bleſs them with the
Luck of ſuch a Rarity; a Cods head now!
So ſoon! it cannot be!
Bar. 'Tis true, my Lord.
Lor. Slave, 'twas then thy fault:
This comes on thy drowzy hoggiſh nature;
You cannot riſe, you, nor look unto your Buſineſs, Sirrah;
I'le have you ty'd to cloſer duty, Dog,
And you ſhall turn the wheel below
With your own beaſtly weight.
Was ever man ſo curſt as I!
Such Servants! oh ſuch Servants!
I ſhall be ſtarved, or elſe be fed
With ſtinking Mackarel.
O the brave politick *Italians*,
That early riſe to buy their meat themſelves!
Bar. Truly, my Lord, it is not altogether my fault.
Lor. How, how can that be, let's hear?
Nay, I am reaſonable.
Bar. Truly, I offered two Ryals.
Lor. Well, and would not that do?
Would not that fetch it?
Bar. May be with entreaties I might have prevail'd,
And promiſes of further cuſtom;
But in came that villainous Caterer, and out-bid
Me ſix Maravedies.
Lor. What Tyranny is this,
Snatch the morſel from my mouth!
The King his Maſter were he ſuch a Tyrant
Would finde no Subjects to owne him for their Prince. [*Enter a*
Serv. My Lord, here is a young Gentleman would *ſervant.*
Speak with your Lordſhip.
Lor. Who is it?
Serv. 'Tis young Signior *Felices*.
Lor. Oh tell him 'tis my writing day:
You know he is invited here to ſupper;
Tell him I ſhould be glad to ſee him then.
Come *Bartolo*, I'le write the reſt within,

And

And give thee all directions for this night. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Felices, Sancho.

Feli. Not ſpeak with me?
San. He ſent you word you were invited to Supper;
And then (as I have learnt)
Is his time of ſpeaking.
Fel. But I would fain have known what Company.
San. Oh his Nieces, I'le warrant you, Sir,
And all his acquaintance:
To night's a night of mirth.
Feli. Sirrah, be ſure you make us ſome;
It was the only virtue I took you for.
San. Sir, and I choſe you for the ſame reaſon.
Feli. How's that, you Rogue?
San. Nay, Sir, this is the way home.
Feli. Well, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinando.

Fer. Thou Arbitrator of all humane Fate,
That giv'ſt ſuch fair Idæas to the mind!
Thou Paſſions Ruler, even that of Hate;
Nay, Maſter of each one to which th'art joyn'd!
Thou whom the wiſeſt do Miſguider call,
The Tyrant of our Reaſon, and our Will
Doſt make predominant, to Act in all
Without diſtinguiſhing of Good or Ill!
Thou that ſuch Flames canſt kindle in one hour,
Nay, thou that canſt thoſe violent Flames deſtroy,
Shewing a Maſter-Beauty, one whoſe Power
Is fram'd of all that's Love and all that's Joy!
Yet thou againſt thy ſelf haſt now rebell'd,
And brought new force where thou a Conquerour waſt;
And thy own Subject by bright Armes expell'd,
Whom as thy Viceroy in my heart th' hadſt plac't:
Shall I obey thee now? ſpeak, ſhall I love?

Remember

Remember what thou counſeld'ſt me before:
But who will judge but that I ſtill ſhall rove,
If thus I break what I ſo oft have ſwore?
I, but *Elvira*'s fair: I, too too fair,
That ſuch polluted Sacrifice as I
Should dare unto her Deity appear,
Scorched before by *Beatrices* Eye. [*Enter* Alvaredo.
Ha, her Brother!
Love hide thy ſelf, ſince now ſo guilty grown.
Alva. What, melancholy, friend?
Fer. I hope you are not ſo;
And know by this time 'tis a fooliſh ſin
To pine and languiſh for a womans Love.
Alv. No matter what I think;
I'le live as merrily as thee,
Or any man in *Sevil*;
Hang looking pale, or hanging of the head:
Come let's be merry, very merry;
Where ſhall we dance to night?
Or ſhall we go to this peeviſh woman's,
That ſhe may ſee how eaſily I bear her ſcorn?
Come, wee'l go in Maſquerade;
Her frowns can neither make my Vizard bluſh
With grief nor ſhame.
Fer. This mirth is forc'd, come, I know 'tis;
Do not go ſee the Cauſe again;
There may be danger in't.
Alv. And that's the reaſon I will go:
She then ſhall ſee I dare her ſhot;
Nay, would ſhe now be kind, I would not love again.
Fer. Are you ſure of that?
Alv. I think I ſhould not.
Fer. What, and ſigh? nay, nay, believe you that will.
Alv. Prithee don't think of her.
Fer. Your Counſel comes too late. [*aſide.*
Alv. What ſay'ſt thou, friend?
Fer. I wiſh you did not, Sir;
Nor do not think of going thither.

Alv.

Alva. Nay, that I am resolv'd of;
All things are ready for the Masque;
Your Brother goes, and a friend or two more.
Fer. Come, Sir, I'le wait on you in any thing.
Alva. How ill on outward shews we place belief!
My mirth is but my overflow of grief. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Quintagona, Beatrice.

Quin. Come, come, Charge, I must not have
You melancholy; why, d'ye know where
We are going? why look up, I say, Charge, thou shalt see him:
You know, I know your mind.
Bea. Dear Nurse, you know I've trusted you with all
The treasure of my heart.
Quin. Well, well, and have I ever wrong'd your trust?
Bea. I do not say thou hast, good Nurse.
Qui. Why then be merry; be merry, or I'le be
Out of humour, and then who shall dance the Pavan
With *Offorio*? [Sings, *Si chirés que lo ramo.*

Enter Miranda *running.*

Mir. Sister, Sister, Sister! prithee come away, my Brother
Is almost ready.
Bea. Prithee, dear Sister, take you good notice which is
Fernando; you may go any where, and see how
That he does disguise: I would not be mistaken
In the men.
Mir. So they be not mistaken in us, no matter.
Bea. They cannot: me they'l know from thee
By my height.
Mir. And cannot you know *Ferdinando* by your heart?
You love? Pish, if I were in Love I could follow
My Lover by instinct, (as a Dog does his Master
By the scent) at two Leagues distance.
Bea. Fye, *Miranda*, how thou talkest!
Mir. Fye, Sister, how you are moapt!

If thou art ordain'd to love, love as I live, merrily.
Bea. I in love? away fool, I'le turn Nun sooner.
Mir. Do, good Sister, do, it is a pretty melancholy vocation
That I am infinitely taken with:
Here's *Quintagona* shall be a Lady Abbess.
Quin. Why, you young Tit, I could discharge the office,
For all your grinning.
Mir. Why, who says the contrary, good Nurse?
Quin. You are always fleering;
But I shall fit you one day.
Mir. With whom, good Nurse? now I thank you.
Quin. I won't go now, that I won't.
Bea. Nay, prithee Nurse. Why, Sister,
Why dost thou vex her so?
Mir. I? nay, dear Nurse, no dudgeon;
You know I meant no harm.
Quin. Go, go, I'de trust a Monkey in a Glass-shop sooner.
Come, Charge, let's make our selves ready.
Bea. Prithee, *Miranda*, minde what I told thee. [*Ex.* Bea. Qui.
Mir. I'le warrant you; *yes buz* quite contrary,
I'le assure you, sweet Sister.
Felices, Signior *Felices!* [Felices *with his head to the door.*
Feli. Here, little Mistress, what's the
Matter?
Mir. Can you make Love finely?
Feli. Why d'ye ask? may be I can; who's to try?
I hope, since she's too young her self, she set
One to pimp for me. [*aside.*
Mir. Your name is *Fernando* to night;
Be sure you lead my Sister. Adieu. [*Exit.*
Fel. What do's the urchin mean? I'll try,
And do as she bids me. [*Exit.*

Enter Elvira *and* Bianca.

Elv. Prithee *Bianca*, peace, thou know'st not half my mind.
Bian. I'm sorry, Madam, I've bore my self so ill
As not to deserve your trust now.

Elv.

Elv. Indeed, wench, I durſt tell thee any thing;
But where thou canſt not ſerve me,
The knowledge would avail thee nothing.

Bian. But ſtill it troubles me to ſee you penſive,
It may be ſorrow, and then I would be glad to ſhare your griefs;
If it be buſineſs you do meditate,
Too heads do's better far then one,
At leaſt in all I would expreſs my duty.

Elv. I thank thy love and care,
And will e're long acquaint thee with my thoughts:
But Prythee now go touch thy Lute;
For Muſick is beſt Phyſick for a mind
So out of Tune as mine.

Bian. Madam, I will obey in All;
What will you pleaſe to hear? *Exit* Bianca.

Elv. That which thou ſang'ſt me yeſterday.

The Song.

Enter Servant.

Here are ſome Maſquers without, Madam,
Who deſire admittance; People of quality they
Seem to be.

Elv. Admit them: who can they be!
If it be *Alvaredo* he brings my Dear *Fernando*
With him; 'tis he, I know him [*Enter* Alvaredo, Ferdinando,
By his Port. Felices, Beatrice, Miranda,
You're wellcome Ladies; Quintagona & Sancho: Ser-
Gallants, ſo are you: vants *with Torches*.
I know you not, but this is kindly done,
And I muſt own the Obligation ever:
You ſee I take a liberty though in the abſence of
My Brother.

They Bow, Point to their own Muſick for to play; Alvaredo *takes* Elvira *by the hand, and whiſpers her.*

Elv. You see, Sir, I am civil,
If you hint not the old improper business, Love.
Alv. Oh, Madam, that is quite forgot: [*Speaks from his Vizard.*
You see I'me merry now.
Why should we pine and grieve
For what we cannot help?
Elv. 'Tis true; and I am glad to finde you in that humor.
[*Beckens* Fernando.

Enter Lorenzo, *with* Antonio.

Lor. This is Excellent, most Excellent!
Ah, gallants, when I was a young man I lov'd this
Dearly; Oh, the brave *Donzellas* I have seen and lov'd
In my travels at *Venice*; there who but I!
My *Gondalo* follow'd by the best Musick, stored with
The finest women; my table spread with the best
Of all things; and my Bottle fill'd with best *verdu*
Monte fiaskon vin Greco, Valga me Dios, it makes
Me mad to think on't. Prithee Signior *Antonio*, get
Your Sister, the fair *Elvira*, to accompany these
Gallants to my house to night; I know them all,
They are kindred: there is no scandal
To an old mans house, a friend and servant to the
Count her Brother; her father was my worthy
Friend, but those days are past.
Ant. I'll do my best, my Lord.
Come pray, Madam, let me intreat you thither;
The time allows much liberty; Come, you must
Not deny the Count *Lorenzo*, 'twill break
His heart.
Elv. 'Twill be scandalous I fear, Brother.
Ant. No, no, pish, scandalous; 'tis people of meaner
Quality ought to fear scandal; we are above
Those things. [*Exeunt omnes, the Musick playing before, Except* Beatrice *and* Felices.
Elv. Will you take the blame upon you?
Ant. Yes, Madam.
Elv. Lead on then, my Lord.

Beat.

Beat. Oh, my dear *Fernando*, how I long
To ſpeak with you alone!
Fel. Follow me, I'll lead you to a private place,
And there ----- [*Offers to hug her.*
Beat. What mean you, Sir?
Fel. Nay, what mean you, why ſo coy? Come, come,
I do not love it.
Beat. Sure, I'me miſtaken, or the man is chang'd?
Fel. Nay, nay, dear miſtreſs, ne're hang back,
Come, kiſs me.
Beat. Ha, ſure 'tis not his voice:
Pull of your Vizard, Sir, and then I will.
Fel. Look ye; now pull of your's, or elſe you break your
Word.
Beat. So I muſt; for I ſhould burſt with laughing elſe:
Ha, ha, ha, ha, was this your trim device?
Fel. What device, I had none?
Beat. My ſiſter told me you would take
Fernando's name upon you, and would utter
Such monſtrous ſecrets.
Fel. Of whom? of what?
Beat. Why, 'tis a by-name 'twixt you and *Quintagona*;
They ſay you make love to her, ha, ha, ha.
Fel. Oh, this Chit! [*Enter* Miranda.
Mir. Why, ſiſter, ſiſter, ha, ha, ha.
Beat. Oh, you're a fine Gentle-woman!
Mir. Why, what's the matter?
Fel. Madam, I believe this was your own deſign,
Though you would put it on my pretty Miſtreſs;
I have ſeen you twitter at me before now,
But I underſtand a Jeſt.
Beat. A Jeſt, from who d'ye mean?
Fel. From you, Madam; I were ill bred elſe.
Mir. Yes, indeed, ſiſter, 'twere pity of his life elſe.
Beat. So, ſo, this is fine! [*Enter* Quintagona.
Fel. Why, look Madam, here's one
Can end the doubt; Come hither Duck,
Did ever I make love to yee?

Quin.

Quin. Make Love to me! hang thee.
Feli. Pa, Nurſe, pa, bug words!
Mir. Nay, fie, Nurſe, t'uſe a Civil Gentleman ſo!
Quin. Hang him, I ſay again, and you too.
Mir. What, both on's, Nurſe? [*Points to her Sister.*
Quin. Yes, him and you: Come, Charge,
What do you do amongſt them?
I won't ſtill be us'd ſo by a Graſhopper
And a Weather-Cock: why ſhould you be jeering me
Still? I bred you: [*weeps.*
Beſides, God made me as well as you.
Mir. Nay, nor half ſo well neither;
I think I may ſpeak that without vanity.
Feli. Indeed, Nurſe, that was over-weening:
As handſom as your young Miſtreſs!
Quin. Well, well, come Charge:
Nay, you're e'en fit for one another. [*Ex.Qui.Bea.*
Mir. Ha, ha, ha!
Feli. I wiſh we were, Nurſe. [*Ex Feli.Mir.*

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Lorenzo *leading* Elvira; Alvaredo, Antonio, Ferdinando, Beatrice, Miranda, Quintagona; *Servant and Attendants.*

Lorenzo. YOu're welcome, Gallants, infinitely
Welcome: there is no pleaſure
Like to this, Meet our Friends, and eat
Together! well fare *England* ſay I; for
I have been inform'd by credible Merchants,
That there they often meet together, eat
Together, and drink together. Come,
Come, take your Seats. Madam, what
Think you of an Ayre, as they are ſerving

In?

In? nay, it shall be one of my own Composing;
For, some years past, when I was not so
Much taken up with business, I did employ
My time in Poesie.

Elv. What you please, my Lord.

Lor. *Bartolo*, bid them sing the Song was
Sung when I acted the Sea-god with the
Cornucopia. Ah, *Bartolo*, those were merry
Days! thou didst Act *Tantalus*, I remember: troth
It was a very dainty Masque; for all
The Company were kept in suspence till the last, and
Did never comprehend what we meant.

Fer. That could not chuse but be rare.

Lor. Why, I have writ Verses
That the best Wit in *Sevil* will never be able to
Understand.

Anto. Very likely, my Lord:
But I hope these we are to hear [*They serve whilst*
Are not of that strain. *this is singing.*

Lor. That you shall be Judge of.

The SONG.

THose that do talk of Sysiphus *stone,*
Which makes him continually rolling to sweat;
And call that a Hell, when in faith it is none;
For no Torment is like to the wanting of meat.
Then alack poor Tantalus, Tantalus *cryes,*
I only can feed by the sight of my Eyes!

The Vulture that feeds on Prometheus *heart,*
Oh how happy does him poor Tantalus *think!*
For when he has quite consumed that part
The Curse of the Wretch affords new meat and drink.
Then alack poor Tantalus, Tantalus *cryes,*
I only can feed by the sight of my Eyes!

When

When first against heaven the Giants did rebell,
It was not Ambition that made them such Hectors;
But hearing of dainty Ambrosia *tell,*
They had a mind to taste of it, and tipple the Nectar.
Then, &c.

Anto. Most excellent, faith!
But pray what Feet do you allow
Your Verses, my Lord?
Lor. Feet, ha, ha, ha!
Pox of Feet; let them regard them
That live by them.
Mir. Pray, my Lord, who are they?
Lor. Why, Dancing-Masters, Foot-men,
And Treaders of Mortar.
Mir. Nay, my Lord, I can name you
Another sort of men that live by their feet:
What think you of Cowards that run away
To save their lives? yet more
Miraculous, I have seen a man take breath
By his feet.
Lor. May be, young Lady, you have heard so;
For I think I know the world as well as you;
And yet I do not remember the knowledge
Of any such matter. Oh stay, may be it is
The little begging Boys that stand on their heads
In *Normandy*, as I have read.
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Mir. No, no, my Lord, it is the man
That teaches the *Teresian* Nuns to play on
The Organs; for he blows the Bellows with his
Own natural feet.
Lor. By my faith, that is true;
'Twas well thought on I confess.
But come, Gallants, take your Seats;
Me thinks here is some body wanting:
Signior *Ferdinando*, where is your Brother?

Fer.

Fer. I know not, my Lord;
But he will not fail to be here I know.
Lor. Fail! no marry I hope so,
H'll not serve his old friend so.
Come, Signior, I begin a Health.
Who waits there! Come, every man his glass:
Bartolo, see mine fill'd high. [*They give every one a Glass: the Page fills his Lords from behind* Bartolo.
Signiors, a Health to all these
Ladies; send them rich, proper,
And able men to their husbands. [*Enter* Felices.
Fel. S'death, *Sancho*, didst thou see that conveyance. [*They all drink.*
San. See it, yes, and do admire at it:
Pray, Sir, appear not yet, I'll make your Excuse,
And take upon me to wait. [Felices *stands undiscovered.*
Lor. Who are you, friend? [*Then Enter* Sancho.
San. A servant to Signior *Felices*,
Who begs your Lordships pardon for his stay,
And desires you will proceed in your mirth,
He hopes to wait on you before the end on't:
Lor. He shall be welcome, friend.
Mir. My Lord, these Ladies will take it ill if you make
No distinction, they will think the time long
If they stay till I deserve a husband.
Lor. I humbly crave their pardons,
Ladies, I thought no harm.
Elv. Fie, my Lord, you must not seriously consider
What is spoke in mirth.
Beat. I find, my Lord, you are not acquainted with
The mad humour of my young sister, she says
Any thing to any body.
Lor. Say ye so, faith, young Lady, and I'll drink
Your health in particular for that too.
Nay, all these Ladies;
Some wine to all there (*Bartolo*, I say;
Boy be careful:)
And yours, pretty Cousin, thus I begin.

Whil'st they are all filling the second time, Sancho *steals a*

Tankard, and when the Page has done behind, Bartolo, *Empties the reſt in, and conveys it to the Cup-board.*

Ant. Mine's off, my Lord.

Lor. I thank yee, Sir, Signior *Alvaredo*, Signior *Fernando*, Come lets be merry, Nay, wee'll have a Maſque anon; ſhall we not, Faith wee'll all be very merry.

Alv. As you pleaſe, my Lord. What ſhall the ſubject be, my Lord.

Lor. How *Vulcan* and *Venus* were Catcht in a Net together by the cunning of that Cuckoldly Rogue *Mars*.

Mir. We had better have a devout ſtory, How *Jonas* ſwallowed the Whale, and ſpew'd him up Upon the Coaſt of *Gibraltar*.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Lor. Truly, young Couſin, 'twas the Whale ſwallowed *Jonas*, As I it take; I'm ſure my book is falſe printed elſe.

Mir. Well, well, that's all one, it was one of them:

Lor. That I confeſs; Come, gallants, now to the fair *Elvira*, in particular, Boy, ſome wine; wine there to thoſe Gentlemen.

Boy. Piſh, *Bartolo*, the Devil, here's none in;

Bar. Away, ye fumbling Rogue.

Lor. Why, Sirrah, where's this wine.

Boy. My Lord, the Cock is ſtop'd.

Fer. Come, my Lord, your glaſs, your glaſs.

Lor. Ye Rogue, ye Dog, to the Cupboard.

San. Ha, ha, ha, Enter, Sir, Enter, now is your Cue.

Enter, Fel. Ha, ha, ha, ha; ha, ha, ha.

Comes in, ſtumbles upon the ſcreen, through which Lorenza's *head falls, they all riſe.*

Lor. *Boutua*, *Criſpo*, help me,

Here

Here, my head is in the ſtocks.

Sancho *goes to help him, and cuts off half his Beard,*

San. So, my Lord, ſo. Have I not trim'd him well? [*to* Felices.

Fel. Away, Rogue, be not ſeen.
How is it, my Lord? I crave your pardon.

Lor. Why, very well, very well, no harm,

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lor. You'r very merry, Gallants, troth I'm glad to ſee you ſo,
Come, wee'll in, and ſee the maſque, this ſcreen has diſcompos'd
Our table, *Bartolo*, Cover again within.

Bar. *Geſous.*

Lor. What ails the fellow:

Bar. Ails me, quoth'u?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lor. Pray walk in, Gallants, pray walk in;
I'm glad to ſee you thus merry,
Come, I'll lead the way. [*Exit* Lorenzo.

Alv. *Antonio*, how the Devil came his Beard off?

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, I know not, I,

Fel. Nay, 'tis but half his Beard,
Come Ladies, let's in, I hope he wont perceive
It all this night.

Mir. This is your doings, I'll lay my life,
But I ſwear 'twas quick, none could perceive how.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Ferdinando.

Fer. A man ſo much unfit to mix with mirth
Converts to poiſon what is others joy;
I have done wrong to my fair *Beatrice*,
Nor will her Brother, though he be my friend,
Forget an injury of ſuch a Nature,
Should ſhe diſcloſe it to him:
As ſure ſhe muſt.
Elvira too; his Miſtriſs; O my fate!
Nay, rather, O my falſhood!
Why, didſt thou ſwerve to my undoing ſo!

They both are fair. Nor was it that I thought
Elvira fairer then the other was,
But mans inconstant nature still must crave,
A Beauty that hee's not acquainted with,
Why should it, though?
Oh, Ask the god of love, and surely he
Will say, that ranging proves his Deity.
Pedro, Come hither, [*Enter* Pedro.
Here take this note, and leave it in my Brothers Chamber,
I am resolv'd to leave the Town to night,
Make my things ready, you must follow me.
Ped. I'll do all your Commands
With the most expedition I can,
Pray, master, let me wait upon you,
Whither is't you go?
Fer. To *Salamanca*; some troubles I expect,
And will not wait their sad arrival.
Ped. What, here, Sir?
Fer. I, here, what's that to thee?
I will away to night.
Ped. Where shall I meet you, Sir,
Fer. I'll. ———
Ped. I shall not fail, Sir,
What shall I tell your other servants?
Fer. Bid them look well unto my house,
And there expect my farther Orders,
Let them pay my Brother
The same respect they would do me,
Make haste, for I'll expect you where I said.
Ped. Ha, what whim is this?
Presto, be gone, and none knows why;
His Brother knows not on't neither,
There's something more then yet I understand;
Oh, now I suspect shrewdly. *Enter* Beatrice.
Beat. Pedro, where is thy Master?
Ped. Madam?
Beat. Where is your Master, friend?
Ped. Why, Madam, I suppose you know.

Beat.

Beat. Prithee, tell him I must needs speak with him,
And have taken this opportunity to slip out.
Ped. Madam, hee's already on his journey;
Beat. Journey, what journey?
O my I'll boding mind. [*Aside.*
Ped. Nay, Madam, you may trust me,
I am to follow him presently.
Beat. Trust thee; I that I will with any thing,
Come, I'll go with thee,
But think'st thou hee's already out of Town?
Ped. I, I, Madam, he wait's our coming at. ——
Beat. Disloyal man, but yet I'll be [*Aside.*
Reveng'd or die in's sight, ——
Canst thou not help me to disguise my self,
One of thy Masters sutes will serve.
Ped. Yes, Madam, I'm going home,
A sute of his will be too big, borrow you another,
There's none can see you Enter,
I have the key of the back gate,
And there ------
Beat. I understand you, friend; some lead the way, [*Exit* Ped.
'Tis anger now, not love shall be my guide
Since he is false; Anger I'll be thy bride. *Exit* Beat.

Enter Miranda, Quintagona.

Miran. I know? how should I know where she is?
You are her Counseller, can't you tell?
Quin. Come, Come, leave your flirts and your tricks,
And do not fright me so;
I'm sure the care I have still had of you
Do's not deserve this usage. [*Crys.*
Mira Away, away, do's your Reverend wit
Think to put a trick upon me?
Quin. I, I, Why, when did I play tricks,
Troth either tell me quickly, or I'll acquaint

[Your

Your Brother with your dealings,
I play tricks?
Mir. I, do, do Nurſe, hee'l thank ye for the care
You take of us;
Quin. O Heavens, I ſhall be Murthered? [*Crys and kneels.*
If ever you'll have mercy on my rage,
Deliver me now from my Apprehenſions.
Mir. What apprehenſions, Nurſe, prithee ſpeak,
Art thou ſerious;
Quin. I, I, too too ſerious;
Why I ſaw Don *Fernando* ſteal away;
And preſently after followed your ſiſter;
I thought it was but to talk a word
In private; but now alack aday, where are they!
O Fooliſh creature! could ſhe not tell me her mind,
I would have contriv'd all better,
Now if my Maſter ſhould miſs her,
Oh, here he is! what ſhall we ſay? [*Enter* Alvaredo, Felices.
Alv. What made him go away ſo ſuddenly,
I ſaw him dreſt in deepeſt Melancholly,
From the firſt moment that he entred here.
Fel. Faith, Sir, I know not;
'Tis a diſeaſe you never ſaw me troubled with.
Alv. *Quintagona*, where is my ſiſter?
Quin. Oh, Sir! ſhe has been very ill, and has
Tane Don *Elvira*'s Coachhome.
Alv. Why did you let her go alone?
Go, follow, ye old fool.
Quin. I ſhall, Sir.
Come, young Miſtriſs. [*Exit* Quint. Miranda *going out.*
Mir. Don *Felices*, pray follow immediately to our houſe,
I muſt needs ſpeak with you.
Fel. What, more devices?
Mir. No, I am ſerious.
Fel. Well, I'll be with you ſtrait.
Alv. Come, let's go ſee if that he be gone home,
Fel. Content I'll wait upon you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

The

The Scene changes to the Country.

Enter Ferdinando *fighting with* 3 *or* 4 *Rogues.*

Fer. Nay, ſtay Villains, run from one man!
Enter 2 *more, and ſieze him behind.*
1. Are you ſo ſtout, Sir? Come, we can tame yee:
Fer. Unhand me, Rogues;
Is it my Purſe ye want? take it,
And be gone.
2 *Rogue.* We thank yee for nothing;
You give us what yee cannot keep.
Fer. What then? is it my Life?
Who ſet ye on to do this miſchief?
3 *Rogue.* No, that wee'l ſpare, if you'l be quiet:
Come, bind him, Fellows.
Fer. I muſt ſubmit to what I cannot help. [*they bind him.*
2 *Rogue.* To tell you true, we're men condemn'd
Unto the Gallies, Sir;
But lately we have ſlipt our Chain,
And are in danger of the *Hermandad*,
Whoſe Officers are all in queſt of us:
Having not wherewithal to carry us any whither,
We have pitch'd upon this Courſe
Till we can better provide for our ſafeties.
3 *Rogue.* Come, Sir, you muſt with us to our private
Retreat; and if Fortune favour us, we hope
This night to bring yee Company.
1 *Rogue.* Yes truly, Signior; for we are reſolv'd
To ſtop all Comers and Goers till morning.
Fer. You'l uſe me civilly, I hope;
It ſhall be worth ye more
Then what you otherways can get:
And if in the morning you will let me go,
I'le pay a better Ranſome then what I bear
About me.
2 *Rogue.* Yes, who ſhall be ſo bold to fetch it?

Fer.

Fer. Why, you or any man; I will engage my
Honour for your safety.

1 *Rogue.* Come, Sir, wee'l talk of that within.

Fer. This I deserve for my disloyalty:
There's none of these yet half so bad as I. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Quintagona, Miranda.

Quin. What say you now, Lady?
Ah, wo is me, I am undone, undone for ever! [*weeps.*

Mir. So have I seen Rain trickle through an old
Crackt ceiling; Alas, poor Nurse!

Quin. I, I, is this all your Care for your Sister?

Mir. Why, I warrant you she's in a better place,
And better Company.

Quin. Marry, God forbid; what, dead!

Mir. No, no, I mean in a place and company
Of her own chusing.

Quin. Ay me, here's my Master! [*Bell rings.*

Mir. See, Nurse, see, I'le not stay the first Brunt.

Quin. No, no, stay, Madam, it is [Qui. *peeps through the door.*
Signior *Felices.* [*Enter* Felices.

Mir. Oh you are welcome, Sir;
We're all undone here, my Sister's lost.

Feli. Lost! how so? you jest sure.

Quin. Nay, nay, 'tis too true;
I'le be hang'd if some Fellow has not
A finger in the Pye.

Feli. What Pye? what finger, goody *Quintelin?*

Quin. Why, your sweet Brother:
S'flesh, a look'd like an honest man.

Feli. Why, do you know him to be otherwise,
Old mouldy-Chops.

Quin. What if I do, or do not, I may say
My pleasure, I hope, for all you?
Nay, faith, I dare swear you stand much
Upon your honest reputation too.

Mir. Nay, fye, Nurse, fye, is this the way

To

To oblige a Gentleman in your buſineſs?
Quin. My buſineſs! I'de rather
Never have my buſineſs done whil'ſt I breathe
Then be beholding to ſuch ſpindle-ſhanks.
Fel. Ha, ha, ha.
Quin. I, I, you had need laugh,
But I hope my Maſter will not be fob'd ſo.
Fel. Your Maſter?
Pray, young Miſtriſs, what do's this woman mean?
Mir. Why truly, Sir, my ſiſter is gone,
And (ſhe ſuſpects) with your Brother.
Fel. My Brother! Ha;
Why ſhould they do that by ſtealth
Which I know your Brother would not
Have diſallowed of; for none can doubt
The brightneſs of her honour, nor (I hope)
His honeſty.
Mir. Nay, truly, Sir, I know nothing.
Fel. I have ſomething in my head -----
As ſoon as I hear any thing,
I'le come and bring you tidings.
Mir. You oblige me, Sir, extreamly.
Fel. Miſtriſs, I kiſs your hands,
Adieu *Lots* wife ----- I like not this. [*Exit.*
Mir. Come, ſtop the ſource of thoſe moſt Orient Pearls.
Quin. Well, well, you ſhall ſee when your Brother comes home,
What Orient words hee'll give us all. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Alvaredo.

Alv. IT cannot be:
He cannot be ſo much unjuſt; I was his friend.
Had he but ſpoke, he might have had
My full conſent; to ſteal my ſiſter from me;

It is not well; nor will I ſuffer it. [*Rings the Bell.*
A Servant, Tell your Maſter I muſt needs
To the Door.] Speak with him.
Serv. Sir, Hee's not at home.
Alv. Is Signior *Felices* within?
Serv. Yes, Sir.
Alv. Call him.
Serv. I ſhall, Sir.
Alv. If I do finde he was conſenting to it
I'le firſt begin with him. [*Enter* Felices.
You'r wellcome, Sir,
Cannot you gueſs the reaſon;
Why I viſit you thus early?
Fel. No, truly, Sir,
But I was coming to your houſe,
That I might farther underſtand a thing
I do not comprehend as yet.
Alv. What was it, pray you?
Fel. My Brother's gone,
And none as yet knows whither,
If he has truſted you with his intentions,
Pray eaſe me of a care I'me burthened with.
Alv. 'Twas much about ſuch buſineſs
That I came hither to learn the truth of you.
Fel. Concerning what, pray, Sir?
Alv. Know you any thing of my ſiſter?
Fel. Not I, upon my Honour.
Alv. It may be ſo:
For though I am a Spaniard, yet I would not
Place the fault of one ill man
Upon the whole family.
Fel. I hope you do not mean my brother,
I muſt not hear you give him ſuch a title.
Alv. If I do find he has done done me wrong,
You, and all the world ſhall hear much more:
Nay, in his blood I'le ſign my deep revenge.
Fel. Were you not friends?
Alv. 'Tis that which makes his fault the greater.

Fel.

Fel. If he has sin'd against the Sacred Rule
Of honourable friendship,
I'm his Enemy;
But if an Equal difference hath hapned,
I am his Brother, and dare own his cause.

Alv. To shew you I'll be just,
Even to that Sacred Rule you lately mention'd,
I will not tax him, till I find all certain;
Do you but joyn with me to find the truth,
Which if it do confirm my just suspitions,
And you continue in your late professions,
My anger then will look upon your blood
To be the same as his;
Though there it shall not Rest; But ——

Fel. Pray, Sir, let's understand one another,
You seem to have a cause of just resentment,
But why, as hitherto I'm ignorant of.

Alv. Sir, I am wrong'd in the Honour of our House,
My sister's gone, lost, convey'd away.

Fel. By my Brother, Sir?

Alv. I have reason to think so,
Is he not wanting at the same time?

Fel. That is no Argument; for I believe
You would not have deny'd them your Consent,
Their qualities are equal, and their fortunes
Hold no great disproportion.

Alv. That makes me know, if he be gone with her,
He means no fair play to her Honour.

Fel. Judge not so ill before you know all truths,
Whence went she?

Alv. From the Count *Lorenzo*'s
In Donna *Elvira*'s Coach.

Fel. Know of the Coach-man where he set her down.

Alv. You Counsel well, come wee'll about it strait.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pedro.

Ped. 'Twas well I could escape;
For I can do my Master service here,
Besides, it was not base to run away,
When like a Ram I can return with
Greater force; Rogues I shall have ye
In a Pound by and by; I remember
Your lurking hole, for they brought
In Prisoners so fast they quite forgot me to binde,
And in the dark I slip'd away; But she is
Fast, and I perceiv'd my Poor Master bound
To his good-behaviour; I will not
Acquaint the Justice, that may displease him,
If she be taken with him; I'll first to his
Brother, whom I hope I may trust; and according
To his orders —— I long to be at these Rogues again. [*Exit.*

Enter Alvaredo, Felices, *to* Elvira's *door.*

Alva. Stay, this is the house, we'll ring. (Gentlemen?
Serv. to the door. Who are ye? who would ye speak with,
Alv. With your Lady, friend.
Ser. Your Name, Sir?
Alv. Felices.
Ser. I shall acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit.*
Alv. Sir, I make bold with your Name?
Mine might have caus'd a denial.
Fel. What you please, Sir.

Enter Elvira, Bianca.

Alv. I'm sorry, Madam, I must give you this trouble,
But still relying on your goodness,
I'm come to beg a Boon;
Elv. Of me, Sir? what can it be?

Alv.

Alv. That you will have your Coach-man ſent for
Hither.
Elv. Moſt willingly, Sir,
What do's he mean? [*aſide.*
Bianca ſend for him,
But, Sir, you ſent in by another Name.
Fel. My obligation, Madam, was the greater,
You would vouchſafe this Honour
Upon ſo ill a ſummons.
Elv. The Brother, Sir, to Don *Fernando?*
Fel. I am ſo, Madam, and your humbleſt ſervant.

Enter Coach-man.

Alv. Madam, with your leave,
I muſt make bold to queſtion him in private.
Elv. Moſt freely, Sir,
Are you acquainted, Sir, with his intentions? [*They walk aſide.*
What buſineſs can he have,
With this my Servant?
Fel. Madam, I am, but dare not tell the ſecret,
Without his leave.
Elv. Where is your Brother, Sir?
How chance he is not with him?
I thought they were inſeparable.
Fel. This buſineſs do's concern my Brother.
Elv. Your Brother? how pray, Sir?
Fel. Nay, I am in the dark my ſelf.
Elv. May I not know the buſineſs?
Fel. Any thing that concern'd my ſelf
You might Command; but this ——
Alv. I am fool'd, O that old Hag.
Fel. Have ye learn'd any thing?
Alv. No, nothing, pray, Sir, come with me,
Madam, I kiſs your hands.
Elv. Sir, Sir, Pray let me ſpeak with you?
Alv. Your pardon, Madam, for ſome moments,
I'll wait on you again.

Elv.

Elv. Diego, what was it he queſtion'd you about ?
Coach. If I had not carried a Lady home laſt night;
I anſwered him truth, I ſaw none but your Ladiſhip.
Elv. A Lady, what Lady ?
Coach. He ask'd me too about one Signior *Ferdinando.*
Elv. Ha, a Lady ! Don *Fernando ?*
His ſiſter on my life. [*aſide.*
O thou diſloyal man ——————
Run, *Diego* run, tell him
I muſt needs ſpeak with him ;
Now preſently —————— [*Exit* Coachman.
Come hither, *Bianca*,
In troth I am not well. [*Exeunt* Elv. Bianca.

Enter Sancho, *in a ridiculous French Dreſs ; The People and Boys after him.*

Sings and Dance's a ridiculous Corant.

Boys. O Brave Monſieur Kick-hoſe.
San. Away, ye Rogues, *ta ran ta, ran ta, ta la ran.*
Quin. at the Window. Sancho, Sancho.
San. What would ye have ?
Quin. Prythee, ſlip in here, I muſt needs ſpeak with thee.
San. I come, I come. [*Enter* Sancho *in the houſe.*
1. *Boy.* Pox, we have loſt the Frenchman.
2. *Boy.* Let's ſtay a little, hee'll come again ſtrait.
1. *Boy.* We muſt hide our ſelves then. [*Exeunt* Boys.

Enter Miranda, Sancho.

Mira. Nay, Prithee *Sancho* ſtay ;
She has buſineſs,
She'll be ready ſtrait.
San. I have enough to do to free my ſelf
From the Cannalia ; how I ſhall be troubled
With her !
Mir. Why, prithee, the more ſport the better ?

Why

Why art thou thus elſe?

San. Come, come, let her make haſte then.

Mir. Look yee, here ſhe is.

Enter Quintagona *like a Hollandts woman, upon a Broom.*

San. Nay, you may e'en pull off your Vizard,
Your face will ſerve for one.

Quin. Away, you Rogue, I go *Incognito.*

Enter Boys again whooping.

Mir. Adieu Nurſe, ſpeed yee well; I dare not ſtay,
The cry grows hot.

San. Gingle a wimbleton rid on a Mare.

[*Exeunt omnes whooping and dancing.*

Enter the Thieves with Ferdinando *and* Beatrice *bound; She in Mans Clothes.*

1 *Thief.* Are the reſt all gone?

2 *Thief.* All vaniſh'd.

1 *Thief.* Are the two Horſes ready?

2 *Thief.* I, I, ready, ready.

1 *Thief.* Well, Gentlemen, I hope you can't complain,
But we have us'd ye civilly.

Fer. We cannot; nor would I, if I could, have ye
Puniſh'd, ſince ye but took to furniſh your
Neceſſities.

1 *Thief.* True, Sir; for we are young men,
Not condemn'd Slaves, as we firſt told yee;
Something we wanted to make us merry,
And having that, farewel.

Fer. Nay, one word, Gentlemen; unbind us firſt,
And on our Honours wee'l not ſtir till you
Be out of ſight.

2 *Thief.* Come, Sirs, wee'l truſt ye. [*unbinds them.*

Fer. Would yee but leave our Swords
'Twere noble in you; for I would not
Willingly go back to *Sevil.*

1 *Thief.* That you may ſay ye met with Gentlemen,

Wee'l

Wee'l get on Horſe-back, and e're we're out
Of ſight wee'l drop them; there you may
Take them up at leaſure.

Fer. I thank ye, Gentlemen.

2 *Thief.* So much caution you'l give us leave to uſe:
Farewel, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt Thieves.*

Fer. Which way, fair Youth, do you intend?

Bea. I'le bear you company to fetch my Sword.

Fer. Come then, I'le wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Felices, Alvaredo.

Feli. What do you mean to do?
Pray, Sir, content your ſelf:
I yet dare ſwear my Brother is not guilty of this
Thing; in fine, I am reſolv'd to find all out,
And then deal like a Gentleman with you.

Alv. I thank you, Sir:
My old Hag told me ſhe was gone home
In Donna *Elvira*'s Coach;
The Fellow ſwears he never ſaw her,
Nor any other woman but his own Lady.

Feli. I cannot anſwer any thing to that.

Alv. knocks. Who's there within, *Quintagona*?

Enter Miranda.

Mir. Sir, ſhe is gone forth.

Alv. Gone out! whither? O damn'd Bitch!
She's of the Conſpiracy.
What, are you at home alone?

Mir. Yes, Sir.

Alv. We ſhall have you gadding too.

Feli. What, my young Miſtreſs?
No, I dare anſwer, Sir, for her:
But pray ſtay you at home;
I'le be with you again ſuddenly,
And, upon my Honour, learn what truth I can:

Will

Will this satisfie you?
Alv. It must, for ought I see.
The Curse of this Disgrace, and this my state,
Is, not to know where I should place my hate.
Come Gentlewoman. [*Exeunt* Alv. Mir.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Sir, Sir, hist, come from that door.
Feli. Oh *Pedro*, where is my Brother?
Ped. In Huckſters hands:
Pray, Sir, take what Servants with you you can;
I'le lead you where you shall find him.
Feli. Saw'st thou my man?
Ped. No, Sir, nay pray make haste,
I'le tell you all as I go.
Feli. What should this mean!
Come, *Pedro*, which way? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elvira, *Coach-man.*

Elv. Why didst thou not bring him with thee, *Diego?*
Coa. He promis'd to be here as soon as I.
Elv. Go wait his coming at the Gate. [*Exit* Diego.

How cruel are the Extasies of Love!
With what uneasie Passions do they charm!
For womens Souls they to Convulsions move,
And for one good they cause a thousand harms:
For those that truly love have cruel Fears,
Black Doubts, and heart-afflicting Jealousies.
Men falshood only have; we only tears;
Their Perjury claims Tribute from our Eyes.
Why should it though? Then tears ye come too late;
For never could ye falshood yet reclaim;
Revenge more proper is to argue hate;
Revenge more fit for him that is to blame:
For he had all my Love and all my Wealth;

A Virgins Love her chiefeſt Jewel is:
Why ſhould he then abſent himſelf by ſtealth?
Why ſhould I mourn for what he did amiſs?
But I will ſeal my Love in fitter place,
Where more deſert does move to my relief;
But firſt he muſt revenge my ſad diſgrace,
And puniſh him that's Authour of my grief.
Oh, here he is! [*Enter* Alvaredo.
Sir, you are welcome:
I hope you will excuſe the liberty I take
Of ſending for you.
Alv. Madam, you know your Power over me;
You may command all here.
Elvi. Pray, Sir, then tell me,
What Lady was that you examin'd my Servant about?
Alv. I only ask'd if he had carried home
Any other beſides your ſelf laſt night.
Elvi. But who, pray who waſt?
Alv. No body, Madam,
That can poſſibly concern your knowledge.
Elvi. You know not, Sir, what intereſt
I claim in your affairs.
Alv. I hope, Madam, though you cannot love me,
My troubles are not matter of mirth to you;
I never did deſerve that from you.
Elvi. I never had ſo baſe a thought.
Alv. Why, 'twas my Siſter, Madam.
Elvi. Who, Donna *Beatrice!* what of her?
Alv. She's gone, and none knows whither.
Elvi. Nor with whom? who do you ſuſpect?
Alv. A man that was my friend:
I dare not name him;
I would not willingly miſtake.
Elvi. Who can that be?
Not that ſame Gentleman was here with you?
Alv. The ſame; I cannot think on't with patience.
Elvi. It were too great a trial of your temper
But to perſwade you to it:

Such

Such injuries ought not to be forgiven.
Alv. Nor ſhall they, whileſt I breathe.
Elv. Now I muſt tell you,
You were much to blame to be repulſt at one
Denial, Sir: May be I may be brought to love.
Alv. Ha! nay then farewell all grief,
I ne're can feel one having ſuch a joy.
Elv. But Sir, though I have ever thought
Your honour fair,
Let not this extaſie blinde you ſo far
To make you loſe your yet fair reputation:
A man with ſuch a ſtain
Deſerves no Ladies love.
Alv. Nor will I beg it till I be as white
As your fair virgin thoughts.
Elv. I now do claim ſo much an intereſt
That I would help you in your juſt revenge.
Alv. Heavens! how I glorie in your bleſſings now.
Madam, though on my knees I thank you;
None but my ſelf is wrong'd,
None but my ſelf ſhall right thoſe ill-plac'd wrongs:
And ſince my Miſtris preaches honour to me,
I'll give him what he not deſerves,
A fair and honourable trial
How ill ſuch injuries can be maintain'd.
Elv. This nobleneſs makes me enamour'd of your virtues, Sir.
It's true, he not deſerves it;
But ſuch a cauſe is odds enough againſt him.
Alv. Madam, I am unfit as yet
To ſtay with you, and ſuch a ſtain about me,
Farewell, my fair, and noble Miſtris. [*Exit.*
Elv. What have I done!
O! I have been too violent:
Ha! no: he that would break my heart
Deſerves my utmoſt crueltie.
Thou canſt not Love, with anger hold debate:
For thou art madneſs once being turn'd to hate. [*Exit.*

Enter Beatrice *having ſnatch'd up both the Swords*, Ferdinando *going back before her.*

Bea. Thou art a Villain and a Slave, I know:
Thou haſt committed murther on my Brother,
Why ſhouldſt thou ſteal away by night,
And he not with thee?
Didſt thou not ſay thy name was *Ferdinando?*
He lov'd thee much,
And would not leave his friend in a Diſtreſs.

Fer. What means the Youth? he's mad:
Your Brother! why, I know not who you mean.

Bea. No, have you not ſeen ſome Features like to theſe?
I am *Alonzo*, Brother to *Alvaredo*,
A Student late at *Salamanca*;
And I will have account before you go
What is become of him.

Fer. How ſtrong is Nature, when by hidden means
It works revenge for unknown injuries! [*aſide.*

Bea. What anſwer can you make to this?

Fer. Nothing: I do deſerve to dye,
Though your Brother's well, for ought I know.
Thoſe Eyes have murthered me already. [*aſide.*
Oh my *Beatrice*, I do deſerve this puniſhment!
And from a Brother, a Brother too ſo like thee,
I would not grieve to take it——
But why ſhould he conſtrain me to a ſuffering
I of my ſelf am willing to undergo?
He muſt not, ſhall not.

Bea. Thou haſt ſo much of guilt in thy falſe looks,
That I muſt ſure do well in puniſhing.

[Ferd. *cloſes with her with his hat, and diſarms her.*]

Fer. Look you, Sir, now you are at my mercy.

Bea. Which I defie; here, Villain, do thy worſt.

Fer. Hadſt thou another face I would have kill'd thee
For that word:

Here

Here take your ſword, young man,
And tempt not one given over to deſpair.
Beat. Not tempt thee? yes, I will with all the terms
That can provoke a courage in a Coward.
Fer. Prithee be gone, I will not fight with thee. [*offers to go out.*
Beat. Stay, perjur'd man;
See what thou haſt done: [*She offers to kill*
A woman that did love thee, will die for thee. *her ſelf;*
Fer. Heaven's, what do I hear! *he ſtrikes away*
Fall, fall, ſome mountain on this head, *her ſword.*
To cover it from ſhame.
Beat. Thou art more cruel in preventing this,
Then all thy other perjuries;
What did thy poor *Beatrice* ever do,
To deſerve this uſage from thee?
Some cruel Tygre, or a Panther bred thee,
Thou never waſt nurs'd up with womens milk,
But ſuck'ſt the Air of falſhood for thy nouriſhment.
Ha, weep'ſt thou?
O thoſe diſſembling tears,
They're able once again to Cozen me.
Fer. No, Madam, ſtop your heart againſt all mercy,
I do confeſs they not deſerve your pity,
But do not hate my memory,
I am willing to expiate my crime,
Forgive, fair *Beatrice*, thy dying Martyr. [*Offers to kill himſelf.*
Beat. Hold, Sir, for the ſame moment you ſhall hurt [*She draws*
That breaſt, I'll open mine, and overtake *a Dagger.*
Ye once more in your flight:
I'll do it.——
Fer. Why, would ye have me live?
And ſo unfit to bear the name of man.
Beat. Thoſe that had ſo much Love can never be
Without a mercy to forgive all faults.
Fer. Oh, my fair *Beatrice*, [*kneels.*
Did you but know
How hard my honeſty has been Attach't,
You would ſome reaſon have to pity,

If

If not quite forgive my youthful fault;
For when I found that I had err'd,
I knew my self unfit for you,
And was resolv'd
Never to do another Right.

Beat. You could not, Sir, whil'st that you did me wrong:
But let this be your penance, tell me true,
It was not then aversion made you leave me,
But that your love had been divided.

Fer. It had so for a moment,
But if this heart do ever more rebel,
Let heaven afflict it with it's greatest curse.

Beat. Rise, Sir, I will once more believe. [*Enter* Felices *Servants Running.*

Fel. Ha, Swords drawn! my brother
On his knees! Hold Villain, hold.

Fer. Ha, brother, hold, for heavens sake, hold,
Send away your Servant's, I have a story for
Your Ear in private: be gone fellow's. [*Exeunt Serv.*

Fel. Oh, I understand ye,
Come, I'll conduct ye both unto the Town;
But, Madam, I'll not part ye, when you're down. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Lorenzo, Bartolo.

Bart. PRay, my Lord, do not go abroad.
I dare not tell him, hee'll be out on's wits. [*aside.*

Lor. Why not? why not, good *Bartolo?*
It is a day of mirth, I love to see them merry:
I was a merry man when I was young,
And lov'd these brave Devices;
Once on this time of *Carnival* I rid,
And with a Line and Hook I firk'd the peoples hats off,
'Tis true some unruly fellow's grew angry, and I was beaten,

But

But all the Ladies ſaid I fiſh'd for hearts,
They were ſo taken with my Garb.
Bar. Very likely, my Lord,
But why will you go now? you are not of an age
To Maſquerade it through the ſtreets.
Lor. What then, ye fool?
Think'ſt I have I cannot ſee others? ha?
Bar. Yes, my Lord;
But here every body will ſee you.
Lor. Why, what then?
I have committed no treaſon.
I dare be ſeen; the fellow's drunk.
Bar. Nay, my Lord, what you pleaſe,
Would I durſt tell ye though. [*aſide.*
Lor. Here wee'll ſtand; here we can ſee all;
Hark, I here ſome coming this way.

Enter Sancho *with* Quintagona, *Rabble.*

San. Oh, yonder's Game for me;
I have been game for others all this while.
Lor. A pleaſant couple;
Look, *Bartolo*, is not this very Pleaſant?
Bar. Oh, Yes, my Lord, very pleaſant. (two.
Aſide] You little think that you are the pleaſanter ſight of the
San. Moſt renowned, moſt worthy, and moſt munificent Lord.
Lor. I thank thee, friend;
But prythee keep on thy way:
Do not addreſs thy ſelf in particular to me.
San. To you, my Lord?
Why, to whom is reſpect, and addreſs more proper?
By this my beard, (which I think is a fair one.)
Lor. Prythee keep it ſo ſtill with thy Bygotero's,
And about thy buſineſs.
San. Why, I am ſo, my Lord;
But, as I ſaid before, there is none in *Sevil.*
Lor. That will be ſooner, or more angry with you,
If you depart not preſently.

Doſt

Doſt thou ſee how the Rabble gather? (Rabble?

San. What care I, or what need your Lordſhip care for the
By this Beard I ſwear again,
And that's no ſmall Oath for a man of my profeſſion.

Lor. Why, what profeſſion art thou of?

San. A Barber, my Lord.

Lor. A good trade; Nay, prithee away now.

San. Heaven forbid I ſhould diſpleaſe your Lordſhip,
By this Beard I would not do it for the *Indies*.

Lor. Now a plague on thy Beard, and a Pox on thee;
Nay, ſuch a Pox as may plague thy Beard too;
Here's ado with it.
Bartolo? prythee thruſt him away.

Bar. Away, friend, be gone,
This Rogue has found him out. [*aſide.*

San. Why, friend, the ſtreet is as free for me as you,
By my Beard, thy Beard, and thy Lords Beard,
I do infinitely Honour, Worſhip and admire.

Lor. Ye Rogue, ſwear by my Beard?
Why, I can do that my ſelf; and will:
For if you be not preſently gone,
I'll have ye cudgel'd,
By theſe Honourable Muſtachio's I will;
Ha; why, *Bartolo*; what's this? [*Miſſes his Beard.*

San. Ha, ha, ha, come, duck, I will not ſtay to offend your Lordſhip.
[*Exit* San. Quin.

Lor. Ten thouſand Devils, and their Dams,
My Beard? *Hieco de Puta*, my Beard.

Bar. Is quite gone on the one ſide, my Lord.

Lor. Why? thou Dog, thou Mungril,
Wouldſt thou let me come abroad,
And not tell me on't?
I have been ſport for all comers and goers.

Bar. Why, my Lord, you miſt it not when you
Came abroad; this fellow has bewitch'd you.

Lor. Have mercy on me, Heaven!
A witch, a witch, Run *Bartolo* for an Officer,
I'll have him in the Inquiſition; a witch.

Bar.

Bar. My Lord, he's gone;
Or by this time has transform'd himself
Into some other shape: Oh, he's a cunning Rogue.
Lor. 'Tis too true;
But I, poor miserable I,
What respect shall people pay me now?
No Beard no Brain they'l cry;
A Boy, a meer Tom-boy I shall appear:
My Servants too will make me still their mirth,
Who have been still their Terror.
Bar. My Lord, I know a remedy for all.
Lor. What is't, good *Bartolo*? oh, some comfort, prithee.
Bar. Why, my Lord, this time of *Carnival*
It may pass for a youthful frollick,
And after *Ash-wednesday*,
You may say it was a Penance enjoyn'd you
By your Ghostly Father:
But for Decorum you must cut off
The other side; thus it is very ridiculous.
Lor. Thou counsell'st well; I would not have my
Servants see me so for a thousand Pistols:
Hast thou no scissers, good *Bartolo*?
Bar. No, my Lord, but I have a knife.
Lor. Come then, cut it off presently. [Bartolo *cuts, and*
Oh, oh, oh! Lor. *makes faces.*
Bar. So, my Lord, 'tis done.
Lor. Come, *Bartolo*, I have seen enough for this day:
A Plague of all Witches! a beard-witch! *O Diavolo!* [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

Enter Felices, Alvaredo.

Fel. YOu may believe me, Sir,
He was as ignorant as you about her flight.
Alv. But still he us'd her ill;

And I ſhould bear her injuries as hard
As I ſhould bear my own.
Fel. Pardon me, Sir, it was no injury,
It was unkind, I muſt confeſs.
Alv. Then I underſtand not well.
Fel. Why, Sir, he does owne he did make Love to her,
And that, as far as Modeſty could grant,
He had no reaſon but to think
She did love him;
But finding that his Youth and Love
Had brought him farther then he ought to have gone
Without acquainting you,
He was reſolv'd to ſlip away
About ſome feign'd buſineſs for a time;
And then, with your fair liking,
He would begin his Suit afreſh:
But ſhe, ignorant of his Deſign,
And learning from his man that he was fled,
Thought it a falſhood unto her,
And ſo reſolves for S. *Tereſa*'s Monaſtery.
But he being found,
(Happily ſtopt laſt night by Thieves)
I hope to ſee her of another Order.
Alv. I do believe you, Sir, as you're a Gentleman;
And ſince your Brother is reſolv'd
To do her Reputation right,
I cannot erre, I think.
Fel. Not poſſibly, Sir.
Alv. To ſhew you, Sir,
A perfect reconciliation to your Family,
I chuſe you for my friend,
And now will tell you all my ſecrets.
This buſineſs (I know not how)
Has brought me to a fair underſtanding
With my fair and dear *Elvira*;
And ſince my Honour now is cleer,
I'le to her ſtrait;
And you ſhall be a witneſs to me in't.

Fel.

Fel, Why, Sir, had she enjoyn'd
The cleering of your Honour?
Oh, I understand yee. I have a message to her. [*aside.*
Alv. Not enjoyn'd me;
But, as one interessed in me,
Did counsel no neglect of what was fit.
Fel. Well, Sir, since you have honoured me
With the fair title of your Friend,
Let me advise you; I'le to her strait;
It will appear much better,
For several reasons: Here is the house,
Pray go you home, I'le wait upon you there,
And I doubt not but with such happy News,
As the first Enterview you have
Shall bring a Period to your wishes.
The cleering of this business
Will appear better from him or me.
Alv. Well, Sir, I will be rul'd;
For though you are wild
I have ever found you
A gallant and an honest man. Adieu.
Fel. I never, Sir, will give you cause to think the contrary;
If I do, tell my young Mistress,
Whom really I do love.
Alv. Nay, I'le be your Spokesman there. [*Exit* Alv.
[Felices *rings. Enter Servant.*
Fel. Pray tell your Lady I needs must speak with her.
Serv. I shall, Sir. [*Exit Servant.*
Alv. Now if I can but quite unhinge her love,
And fix it on *Alvaredo*,
All goes well———

Enter Elvira.

Fel. Madam, I'm come to wait upon you,
But with the Dread
That men approach offended Deities.
Elv. How can that be?

You never did me wrong.

Fel. It is a crime to be a kin to him
That ever could offend you,
Though by ignorance.

Elv. Thoſe that are wiſe
Pardon the Crimes of folly and miſchance;
But I find my ſelf griev'd by neither of theſe two.

Fel. Do but conſider your own Beauty, Madam,
The certain tyes it hath upon Affection,
The ever yet unconquered god of Love,
That dips his ſcorching Arrows in your eyes,
And hardens ſo their Points,
No Armour, though of ſtricteſt honeſty,
Is proof againſt their force:
All theſe are Arguments to move your mercy
To the forgiveneſs of a Crime
I now am come to beg a Pardon for.

Elv. Pray Sir, (without the Ornaments you now do uſe,
In rallying of a Lady never wrong'd you)
Tell me your Buſineſs; for as yet
I know not what you aim at.

Fel. Nor is it fit
I ſhould expreſs my ſelf in plainer terms:
But tell me;
If you had bargain'd for, nay, had bought a thing before me,
Would you not take it ill
I ſhould out-bid you in your price,
And by my Liberality corrupt the Merchant?

Elv. Yes, I ſhould, Sir; neither were it juſt or honourable.

Fel. This is my Brothers Caſe,
Who dares not live,
Nor think himſelf worthy the name of Man
Till you have pardon'd.
Remember, Madam, as I told you,
How much your Beauty can out-bid
All other Women.

Elv. Oh, I underſtand you,
And thank you, Sir, that you have ſpar'd my bluſhes:

But

But tell me, Sir, is not the Lady's name *Beatrice*,
That lay's her claim to your brother ?
Fel. Madam, it is ; And this *Fernando* bad me tell ye more,
He can requite your pardon with a Jewel
Of faireſt and of Richeſt price,
Her brother. —— ——
Elvr Oh, Sir, I thank him,
My better reaſon has inſtructed me,
(I'll make an End't that which you were ſaying)
Her brother is a man, too good, of too much honor,
Nay, too much love to be refuſed by me.
Fel. And you too much of goodneſs and of merit
Not to be honour'd as a Saint,
By all that know you, and do hear you ſpeak,
I'll be gone, I ſhall talk my ſelf in time. [*aſide.*
Elv. Well, Sir, I can bear your Rallery.
Fel. I'm ſerious,
Why, Madam ?
Elv. Nay, Sir, if you are ſo,
Pray bring Signior *Alvaredo* hither,
Your brother too may come, and his fair Lady.
Fel. Yes, Madam, I ſhall.
Elv. Your ſervant, Sir,
I ſhall expect your Promiſe. [*Exit* Elv.
Fel. It's well your gone,
I had ſpoyl'd all elſe ; my Pate
Was hammering devices for my own advantage,
Carnival do ye call it,
I could Maſquerade it bravely with her. [*Exit.*

Enter Quintagona, *and* Sancho.

Quin. Nay, Prythee *Sancho* conſider,
I never dare go home again ;
[*Shows Jewels.*] Is not this more wealth then ever thou couldſt
Hope for ; 'tis the porloyning of thirty years
Service, two thouſand crowns will not buy
Them, why ſure I'm not ſo old ; nor

Yet

Yet ſo unhandſome, but that an
Honeſter man would bleſs his fortune for ſuch a match.
San. Nay, now ye have ſpoil'd all,
If you had not ſpoke that word
I would have taken pity on you,
Quin. Pity on me? thou Raſcal,
Thou Son of many Fathers I'll, have thee to know
(But that I took thee for a pleaſant
And an honeſt dealing fellow)
I ſhould ſcorn thee; S'fiſh in my old Miſtriſs time
I might had a Knight of *Calatrava*,
Nay, within this twenty years, as much has been offered me
Twice; two brave Knights,
Pity on me; foh, Garlick ——— ———
San. May be ſo: *ta ran, ta ran tan.* [*Sings and Dances up and*
Quin. Well, *Sancho*, well; *down careleſly.*
Have I for this truſted thee with my reputation,
Gone all about the town with thee;
Nay, Did not leave thee, nor hide my ſelf
When the Boys had ſnatch'd away my Vizard,
Oh, *Sancho*, *Sancho*, thou art falſe as other men,
And I a moſt unhappy Virgin. [*weeps*
San. Boutoua, Diavolo, ſhe has moiſture in her,
This is the firſt Lady ever wept for *Sancho*,
Have comfort my deareſt duckling,
I will be thine by day and night,
And get a whole litter of *Sancho's* on thee?
Quin. Oh, *Sancho*, *Sancho*, Abuſe not good Nature,
I am tender, be not thou Harſh.
San. Yes, as tender as whit-leather, [*aſide.*
Well, come ſpit in thy hand and Clap here,
Is't a match, ſpeak.
Quin. A match; and all theſe are thine.
San. Come, we'll Dance to our Wedding, [*Enter* two *Fidlers*
Strike up Rogues, *tan ta, ta rin ta, ta tv ra.* [*They Dance up and down.*

Enter

Enter Felices.

Fel. Oh, Brave Rogue,
Where have you been all this while?
San. Nay, pray, Sir, forbear,
A curse will light on him
That parts man and wife.
Fel. *Quintagona* thy wife?
Now send thee joy thou pretty maid.
Quin. And thee a halter, thou sneering fellow.
San. Oh, fie sweet-heart, he is my Master.
Quin. What then; he's none of mine,
There's ne'r a man in *Sevil* shall be my Master.
San. I have a fine time on't then. [*aside.*
Fel. *Sancho*, come hither, a word, [*Whispers.*
Nay, take her with you, make haste
I shall be there before thee
Boy, Hony-Comb. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Antonio *in Masquerade, And Fidlers in Masquerade like Gentlemen.*

Ant. Here, friends, this is the house,
The Accident hapned last night,
You know the tune I made the Song to
Gen. I, I, Come, shall we begin.

To the Tune of the *Broom, the bonny Broom.*

THe Beard, the Beard, the bonny bonny Beard,
Oh, it was of a wondrous growth,
But eating too fast
His spoon he misplac'd,
And scalded it off with the broth.
Chorus still of Musick.
But O what sight, one part did stand upright,
As if it had guarded his face.

The

The other off by the ſtumps,
Which needs muſt put him in a dumps,
Had quite deſerted the place.

Which makes it plain, that that which doth remain
Doth Centry ſtand for two,
The other ſide was loſt,
And beaten off his Poſt,
For ſome think that it lay, Perdue.

Oh, the Beard, the Beard, the bonny, &c.

Enter Bartolo.

Bar. Fie, fie, Gentlemen, remove your mirth,
My Lord is very ill, nay, pray Gentlemen.
Ant. Ill, how come he ill prithee?
Bar. Why, a grief he has lately conceiv'd,
For his ſins, I think.
Ant. Why think'ſt thou ſo, man?
Bar. Oh, Sir, he has ſhav'd himſelf!
And vows to wear Sackcloth.
Ant. What a dam'd hypocrite!
Muſt Religion be the Cloak of the Jeſt
Was put upon him? [*aſide.*
Play, Gentlemen, play, [*They play again.*
Lor. *at the win-*] You *Flemings*, *Boarachio's*
dow with a Gun.] You *Pantalons de mi culo*,
Dogs, Rogues, either from my
Houſe, or I'll ſend ſome of ye to the
Devil before your time.
Ant. Fie, my Lord, is this your Conſcience?
Lor. Hang ye, Rogues,
Bartolo, Come up, here, and ſhoot this off,
I dare not for, fear it ſhould recoil,
Slaves, he'll pepper ye.
Ant. Sirrah, I'll tickle ye with this, are ye
Budging, ye *Cackafuego*.

Bar.

Bar. Not I, Sir, by this Beard.
Lor. Oh, *Hieco de puta, Et tu Brute,*
Nay, then, I will be ſick indeed. [*Exit.*
Ant. I, do, and Die,
The Devil a tear will be ſhed for thee,
Bartolo, go and get Legacies for all thy friends,
Of Lamprey Pies, and Sturgeon.
Bart. Ha, theſe know him, Adieu, Signiors. [*Exit* Bar.
Ant. Come Gentlemen, Nay, here we'll give
A leſſon or two, 'tis the houſe of Signior *Alvaredo*;
His two ſiſters are fair Ladies. [*They play a good Tune.*

Enter Felices.

Fel. Ha, Muſick here! 'tis either meant to my brothers
Wife, or to my young Miſtriſs,
Neither pleaſes me; who are ye? ſpeak. [*draws.*
Ant. What's that to thee, thou man of Metal?
Fel. That ye ſhall ſee ſtay a little. [*Offers to go out.*
Ant. Felices, Why, hark ye, man?
What freak's this?
Fel. Is't you, a plague, I was going to fetch a
Servant, or two, to entertain your worſhip's;
Who are thoſe with ye?
Ant. Friends, friends, O my worthy friends!
Sirra, I have been with him,
And teas'd him out of his Wits,
Come, Come, we'll thither again; prithee
Walk this night with us.
Fel. Faith, I cannot, I have buſineſs,
Oh, you are wellcome, hark ye! [*Enter* Alv.
Alv. Oh, my beſt Angel! can this be?
Fel. Go trie, I'll be there with you ſtrait,
And bring all the Company with me,
Will you not give me leave to call my
Young Miſtreſs?
Alv. Any thing, what you pleaſe.
Adieu, I cannot ſtay. [*Exit* Alv.

Fel. Gentlemen, I'm ſorry I cannot bear ye
Company, I can aſſure ye, my heart
Earns to leave ye, but buſineſs,
A thing you know I much delight in,
Calls me from you.

Ant. Troth, me-thinks of late thou haſt a buſie
Countenance; Come, what Wench
Are you to lead into a fools paradiſe?
Some ſuch thing i'm ſure it muſt
Be, the Devil could never fix any
Other buſineſs upon thee.

Fel. Away, away, you are wilde fellow's, I am
Not fit for your Company; But if
You will preſently break all *Lorenzo*'s
Window's, or ſo, I am for ye, but I
Cannot ſtay, faith I cannot, night blades
Hark ye, you'll do well to carry your
Muſick to your Siſters houſe, *Antonio*,
There may be uſe of ye.

Ant. How, ſoe, prithee, what's the matter?

Fel. Nay, no queſtions, Come if you will;
If you won't, chuſe, *bonus Nochios.* [*Exit* Felices.

Ant. Come, we will go. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACTUS V. SCENA III.

Enter Alvaredo, Elvira.

Elv. NAy, Sir, I find, in all appearance,
You have much reaſon to be ſatisfi'd,
But yet there remain ſome ſcruples
That I muſt cleer my ſelf in.

Alv. I hope I am not quite ſo Dull,
If they concern my Honour,
But I ſhould be as ſcrupulous
As do's befit a Gentleman to be; and Madam——

Elv.

Elv. Nay, Signior, you miſtake me now,
I have been, and am your Siſters friend;
I only muſt ask ſome queſtions.
Alv. Madam, what you pleaſe;
They will all be here preſently. [*Enter Servant.*
Serv. Madam, here is Muſick and Maſquers
Come, one I believe is Signior *Antonio*.
Elv. Bid them enter. [*Exit Servant.*
Alv. Madam, will yee once more repeat,
This hand and heart is mine? [*Enter* Anto. *&c.*
Elv. I do. Oh you are welcome, Gentlemen.
Serv. Madam, here is more Company.
Elv. Let them come in. Come Brother, you may
Unmask, you are known;
Beſides, you muſt be witneſs of a thing
That does concern me highly.
Anto. What is't pray, Madam?
Elv. By and by you ſhall ſee.
[*Enter* Ferdinando, Beatrice,
Felices, Miranda, Sancho,
Quintagona, *and Servants.*
Elv. Madam, you are welcome hither;
I muſt beg the favour to ſpeak with this
Gentleman in private; you will not ſure
Be jealous, Madam.
Bea. Oh Madam, you wrong your Servant.
[Elv. Ferdi. *aſide.*
Elv. Now, Sir, what good excuſe
Have you fram'd for your diſloyalty?
Fer. Such as muſt crave your mercy,
Not juſtifie my Crime.
Elv. But I muſt claim your Promiſe,
That nothing can diſpenſe you from:
Speak, Sir, ought not I to have the fair diſpoſal of yee?
Fer. Here, Madam, diſpoſe my life: [*draws a Dagger.*
I do ſubmit unto your Cenſure.
Elv. No, Sir, your Perſon I will diſpoſe of: Come, nay, come,
You have ſpar'd my bluſhes,

And

And I will now indulge your ſhame.
Here, Madam, let me cloſe your hands:
And pray, Sir, do as much for me here.
Fer. With all my Soul:
And may the Heavens continue ſtill
Your Love and Beauty.
Alv. Thanks, friend, I hope you ſtill were ſo,
And I miſtaken in my Doubts.
Fer. I am, and ever will be ſo,
Or let your Siſter hate me,
And that's the worſt of Curſes.
Fel. Madam, I ſent you Muſick:
One Dance is both proper for the time,
And indeed looks ſomething like the latter
End of a Play, which ſhould go off merrily:
Only one thing is wanting, I ſhould be married
Too here; but plague on't, ſhe's too young.
Mir. And you too mad.
Fel. Well, by that time you are fit for me
I ſhall be fit for you; three or four years
Will ſtrike deep towards gravity:
In the mean time, here's my hand, If I like yee then
As well as I like you now, thou ſhalt have me
Round and all ſound.
Mir. 'Tis well if I have.
Nay, prithee ſweet *Quintagona* bluſh not,
We know that thou art married,
Meerly ſtole away by this young Gallant,
Signior *Sancho*.
Fel. Come, come, ſtrike up.

The Dance.

Fel. Ladies, how like you this?
Gentlemen, do you all ſpeak; are ye pleas'd?
'Tis new; for I dare boldly ſay,
'Tis the firſt *Carnival* y'ere ſaw in Play.

FINIS.